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DANGER OF APPEARING ILL USED.

It is extremely dangerous for any one who wishes to make his way in the world, to appear ill used—it is so sure to afford some presumption not quite favourable to him. The clever, the well-born, the wealthy, the agreeable—all whom nature or accident has placed in a situation to be looked up to or courted by their fellow-creatures—rarely have any occasion to describe themselves as ill used. It is the opposite classes in general who are not well used by their fellow-creatures—the stupid and troublesome because nobody can endure them; the poor and lowly because nobody cares any thing about them. Such has been the way of the world since its beginning, and all our associations are formed accordingly. Hence, when any one is heard complaining of being ill used, he is more apt to be set down as one of the latter than of the former classes—a circumstance which may be in no respect discreditable to him, but which, nevertheless, is not likely to be favourable to his prospects. No matter how real may be the wrongs he has suffered, or how eminently entitled they may be to sympathy. Few have opportunities of becoming satisfied of their reality; and even if sympathy be extended, it does no good. The general impression is bad, and he finds too late that, by complaining of ill usage, he has only put himself in the way of continuing to be ill used.

This is a principle which we have seen exemplified so often, that the only difficulty is to make a selection of cases. T—G— was good-looking, had a winning address, and began the world with the favour and applause of a large circle of admiring friends. He might have got any one of twenty ladies. Unluckily, his profession was one in which success is both slow and uncertain: it was that of a barrister. He was disappointed in getting a particular preferment to which he thought himself entitled. About the same time, it did happen that a fair dame to whom he preferred his suit, did not accept him. He got a little soured, and began to talk satirically of things. He might have done still very well, if he had kept up a hopeful air. But when he began to assume the tone of an ill-used man, there was no more good to be expected of him. As friends became cold, his satirical and complaining manner increased, and then they became colder. In short, T—G— joined the ranks of the gentlemen who are not anxious for business, and concluded in gloom and settled discontent a career which commenced under the fairest and gayest auspices. He had shipwrecked on the great mistake of letting it be supposed that he was ill used.

J—R—, on the contrary, was a man of plain aspect, and few friends. His society was not sought by the men, nor were his advances well received by the ladies. He had fortunately chosen a profession in which cut of face and style of manner are not of particular consequence. Being a man of some sense, he never complained of the unsociableness of his fellow-creatures, or said a word of the many refusals he got from the fair. On the contrary, J— had always rather a cheerful air, talked of being asked out here, and invited there, and appeared as if he knew that he had only to ask any lady he chose, in order to make her his humble servant. This succeeded. People became accustomed to his unfavourable looks, and began to pay involuntary respect to one who appeared to be on such good terms with the world. He not only rose to wealth and consequence, but at last obtained the hand

of one of the most favourite belles of the place. The secret was, J— never appeared ill used.

In like manner, Sophia— was a pretty and interesting girl, while her friend Charlotte— was decidedly homely. Any one asked to guess their fate, would have assigned to Sophia some high matrimonial location, and to Charlotte the task of helping to rear her friend's children. But Sophia had the misfortune to be jilted, at the very outset, by some thoughtless youth, whom her parents thought it their duty to prosecute for breach of promise of marriage. The consequence was, that the poor girl came under general notice as one who had been ill used. That she really had been ill used, a verdict of damages in her favour sufficiently proved. But nothing could do away with the general bad effect of appearing in this character. No other gentleman liked to be the man who was to use well the lady whom some other gentleman had used ill. The consequence was, that Sophia remained unmarried, while her friend Charlotte, prudent, unobtrusive, and always bearing the air of a hopeful and well-used person, chanced to get a good match.

Of all the evils which arise from litigation, decidedly the worst is the effect which it sometimes has in putting men into the position of ill-used people. Most men who find themselves wronged by law and lawyers—and how rarely are they otherwise than wronged!—have the good sense to absorb the injury, and appear as if they felt it not. But there are a few natures which do not easily brook wrong. These persons, foolishly thinking to avenge or redress themselves by an appeal to the world, trumpet forth their injuries wherever they go, and make themselves intolerable to all around them, by long recitals of their case in all its details. They take on the character of ill-used people, and soon experience the natural consequences in the cold regards of their fellow-creatures. It is of course horribly base for those who once smiled upon them in prosperity, now to shun them in their adversity; but the plain truth is, that it is not in human nature long to endure a man who is always telling how ill he has been used.

The principle is of immense importance with reference to office and preferment. When a greyish captain is heard perpetually complaining of the long postponement of his majority, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that the Horse-Guards has its reasons for the delay. When an artist is found constantly railing against the hanging committee for the ignorance or prejudice which causes them to place his pictures in certain modest situations near the floor or ceiling, no one can doubt that the hanging committee does exactly what it ought to do. When a fashionable novelist is so weak as to complain that the Quarterly Reviews make a point (poor Goldy's phrase) of not noticing him, who can wonder that the fact is as he states it? Or when a would-be author tells every where of the rejections which his compositions meet with from booksellers and editors, does it not become clear that he must have been treated exactly according to his merits? In competitions for situations of any kind, it is absolutely self-ruinous for any candidate, under whatever circumstances, to say a word of his having been ill used. We once knew a learned and respectable person who competed, with good pretensions, for a chair in one of the Scottish universities. Another, somewhat his superior in reputation, was preferred. Unluckily, he conceived that some injustice had been done to him in the canvass, and, still more unluckily, he publicly complained of it. He assumed the ill-omened cognisance of the Ill-Used. The consequence was, that, on a similar vacancy occurring

soon after in a neighbouring university, he was not preferred, although, as far as proficiency in that branch of scholarship went, he was unquestionably the first man on the list. The only reason that could be assigned for his non-success on this occasion was, that he had lowered his pretensions, and shaken the general credit of his understanding, by appearing as an ill-used man.

In the well-known case of Mr Buckingham, the world has recently had a remarkable example of the uselessness of coming forward with a complaint of ill usage. For ten years, this gentleman proclaimed the wrongs he had suffered, or conceived himself to have suffered, in India; and much exertion was made to obtain redress from the state. But even while his complaint was allowed to be just, the appearance of being ill used had its usual effect in defeating all his efforts. The world became tired of hearing of the wrongs of Mr Buckingham. The thing became a subject for wit. The iteration provoked a counter feeling. And the case ended in the claim being disallowed. All this came of appearing ill used—the thing which mankind detest and condemn above all others. Even a nation may go through the same process of complaining, and be only additionally ill used for its pains. Poland, for instance, was so unfortunate as to get into the condition of an ill-used state some forty years ago. Every body allowed and allows that it was ill used. Parted like the garments of a condemned criminal among the executioners—obliterated from the map of Europe—

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime—

such are a sample of the sympathising phrases which have been used regarding it. But the complaint of being ill used has done nothing for it. The neighbouring states, which used it ill, are as much respected as ever. And the talk about the ill usage of poor Poland begins to grow tiresome—in short, a bore. Unquestionably, if Poland was to submit to be parted or suppressed, the best course for it would have been to appear to consent cordially in the measure, which might have then passed as something for its advantage. The character of the country would thus have been maintained. On the contrary, Poland has complained, until its complaints fall on the ear, and elicit sentiments by no means calculated to improve its situation. The same would have been the fate of France if it had also been parted, as was designed. But France rose as one man, and preserved its soil from invasion. It is fully as desirable for nations as for individuals, that they should avoid the appearance of being ill used.

Let no one, then, who wishes to attain or preserve a respectable place in the world, ever appear as if he had been ill used. If a young man of business, let him never tell that he has been cheated or worsted in any sort of way, for then he will appear as having been ill used. If a young artist, let him never breathe a word as to the prejudice or ill will of "that hanging committee," in putting his pictures up at the ceiling or down at the floor, for then he will be confessing that he has been ill used. If a candidate for an office or place of any kind; let him carefully avoid all complaint as to the suppression of his testimonials, or the start allowed to his rivals in the canvass, for then he will be owing to ill usage. If a wooer, let him utter no whisper of jilting or rejection, unless he be able to tell at the same moment with a cheerful face, that, while ill used by one lady, he has been well used by another. In short, let no man who values his prospects in this world, ever, by word, deed, or sigh, allow it to be supposed that he has ever been, is now, or believes he ever can be, ill used.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.
THE ORGAN OF TOUCH.

THE importance of the Senses to man, as the sole medium of intercourse with external nature, renders them most interesting subjects of inquiry. The organs of sight and hearing, by means of which we become cognisant of the existence of things placed at a distance from us, have been already amply explained in the present work. In presenting some information relative to another of the senses—the sense of touch—we avail ourselves of the able assistance of a work lately sent to us, entitled the Elements of Physiology, &c. by Dr Thomas Johnstone Aitkin, of Edinburgh. This work well fulfils the object of the author, which was, according to his own statement, “to give such an account of the structure of the animal body, and especially of that of man, as well as of the manner in which the various parts of the machinery operate, as may be readily understood by those who may not previously have directed their attention to investigations of this kind.” An abridgement of the section on Touch will give a fair idea of the character of Dr Aitkin's volume:—“By means of touch we are informed, in the first place, of the form and size of objects, and of the resistance they offer, thereby giving ideas of smoothness, roughness, hardness, softness, and weight. In the majority of these instances, if not in all of them, the sensation communicated results from the combined impression made on the surface of the organ brought in contact with the object, and the degree of muscular effort necessary to oppose or overcome the resistance presented. Secondly, by the same sense we are able to judge of the differences between the temperature of external objects and that of our bodies, which excite in us the feelings of heat and cold. Self-preservation depending more immediately on this than any other sense, the faculty is not limited to any particular situation, as is the case with the other senses, but it is diffused generally over every part exposed to external influences. The skin, however, is especially endowed with the susceptibility to impressions which originate the sensations of touch, and in this respect it varies in different situations, some parts, from a favourable combination of structure, being better adapted for receiving and transmitting accurate and definite sensations than others.

The external integuments consist of three layers, which require special notice, namely, the cuticle, mucous web, and true skin. The *Cuticle*, or *Scarf-skin*, forms the external investment of the body, and varies in its texture and thickness in different parts. It does not present any particular organisation, nor have blood-vessels or nerves been traced in its structure, but it appears to be the product of the subjacent vessels. These vessels pour out an albuminous secretion, which, by the influence of the air, becomes converted into the cuticle—a change similar to that which takes place in the coagulation of the white of an egg. The cuticle then may be considered as an indurated pellicle, serving as a barrier between the living parts of the body and all that is external to it. Immediately beneath, is situated a soft pulpy network, exceedingly thin in the fair European, but much more apparent in the dark-coloured races, especially in the negro, and termed the *Mucous Web*. It appears to consist chiefly of the shaggy extremities of blood-vessels, interlaced and bound together by delicate filaments of cellular membrane. This is the immediate seat of colour, the colouring matter consisting of minute globules, varying in their tints in the different races. Beneath the Mucous Web is placed the *True Skin*, the thickest and most important part of the external integuments. It is composed of an infinite number of plates, consisting of filaments inextricably interwoven together, and abundantly furnished with blood-vessels and nerves. Externally, its texture is most dense, becoming softer and looser, and gradually passing into the common cellular tissue beneath. Its thickness varies in different parts of the body, as also according to the age and sex of the individual. On the back it is nearly twice the thickness that it is on the anterior surface of the body, and much thicker on the outside of the limbs than on their inner surfaces. It is chiefly composed of animal gelatin, and by being combined with the vegetable principle named tannin, becomes converted into leather. It is every where perforated by numerous pores, which give transmission to the oily or sebaceous secretion, by which its softness, smoothness, and flexibility, are preserved. Its external surface is every where studded by exceedingly minute nipples or papillæ. In several parts, as in the palms of the hands, and extremities of the fingers, these are disposed in regular symmetrical rows, forming waving lines, and separated by small crevices that admit of the flexions of the skin, and of its adaptation to the surfaces of external objects. The papillæ are plentifully supplied with blood-vessels, which are so constructed as to allow of a congestion or accumulation of blood in them, whereby they swell and become erect; consequently the nerves are rendered more susceptible to impressions. The readiness with which the external surface of the skin admits of an increased quantity of blood, is strikingly displayed in the act of blushing, and in various other conditions.

The immediate instruments of touch are the extremities of the sensiferous nerves terminating in the papillæ on the surface of the body. The object, the properties of which it is the office of these nerves to

communicate to the mind, does not come immediately in contact with these; both the cuticle and mucous web being interposed, the removal of which, by blisters or otherwise, does not increase the sense, but tends to destroy and disturb it. From this arrangement, impressions are transmitted through the insensible scarf-skin, by the hairs, and through the nails. The whiskers of many animals, such as the cat tribe, are subservient to touch, nerves being situated at their roots that are highly susceptible of such impressions. Even by the hard and insensible hoofs of animals, sensations are communicated to the subjacent nerves, as may be witnessed when the Highland pony exercises his sagacity in ascertaining the soundness of a moorland path, by beating it with his hoof before trusting his weight upon it.

Touch and Touch, as well as the other senses, may be regarded under two conditions. In the one, where the attention is especially directed to the impressions received from the sense, and a voluntary effort made to bring it into the most favourable state for the exercise of its function; in the other, the mind is not particularly roused in order to receive distinct perceptions from the sensations communicated from the seat of impression. The former may be held as the active, and the latter as the passive condition of the senses. Thus, with respect to vision, when we call the eyes actively into operation, we *look*; but in their passive condition we only *see*. As also in audition, actively, we *listen*; passively, we *hear*. So likewise, in regard to tact, when we exercise it in the active state, we *touch*; while in its passive condition, we have merely *tact*.

All parts of the surface of the body are not equally susceptible to the impressions of touch. The extremities of the fingers and toes are admirably constructed for the exercise of this sense. The nerves proceeding to these parts are comparatively very large, and almost entirely distributed upon the papillæ. They are accompanied with large blood-vessels, which readily admit of a varying quantity of blood, according to the conditions required for the due exercise of the function. They are supported upon cushions, which, by their fulness and elasticity, adapt them to the form and consistence of objects brought in contact with them, and they are protected by the broad shield-like coverings, the nails. The lips and tongue are likewise delicate instruments of touch, and appear to be the first employed for that purpose. The infant probably first experiences sensations from this sense on being applied to the breast, and there can be no doubt that the gratification enjoyed by the mother and her offspring is mutual, in giving and receiving that bountiful provision destined by providence for the nourishment of the new-born of the highest class of animals. The infant having thus learned first to cultivate and receive impressions of touch in the lips and tongue, continues for some time to rely with greater confidence on the evidence obtained from this than any other source, and accordingly persists in carrying every object to the mouth, in order to subject it to their scrutiny, till the hands and fingers become sufficiently educated and manageable to serve as substitutes for them.

Sir Charles Bell states, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, that the tongue is incapable of perceiving the pulsation of the artery at the wrist. This may be the case with some individuals, but it is certainly not universally true, for I myself can distinctly feel and count my own pulse at the wrist by the tongue, though more perceptibly when it rests upon the teeth. The pressure of the cushions on the small bones at the extremities of the fingers, on which they rest, contributes to the sense of touch. When we examine solid bodies, the teeth are excellent instruments for this purpose in the examination of very hard substances. Liquids, on the other hand, are accurately judged of by the soft and pliable tongue.

Man enjoys, in the exquisite sensibility of his skin, a superiority in the sense of touch which he does not possess in the other senses, many animals surpassing him in one or other of the rest. In this, however, he stands unrivalled. His beautiful and admirable instrument, the hand, is by him employed chiefly in connection with touch, and for this purpose it is altogether unequalled in the whole of the animal creation. Even in those animals which make the nearest approaches to him in their organic structure, the corresponding organ is employed for locomotion. He alone reserves it for higher and more delicate operations. So evident are the many advantages derived from the hand, and so great the superiority for which he is indebted to it, that some philosophers have not hesitated to ascribe to this cause the pre-eminence he has over his fellow-creatures, forgetting that man's pre-eminence does not by any means altogether spring from the construction of his body, admirable as it is, but from that body being the associate of a rational spirit, which discovers and exercises the capabilities and powers of the instruments entrusted to its use.

Instead, then, of the delicacy and tenderness of the skin of man being a disadvantage, it is the source of some of his most exquisite physical enjoyments, and the means of his obtaining accurate knowledge of the properties of the external world around him. Sight, hearing, and touch, are justly entitled to be considered as the intellectual senses. They are the means through which we obtain our most valuable information—the witnesses that furnish the evidence of the existence of external things. Where they agree in the evidence

they deliver, we cannot for a moment doubt of the truth of their report. Individually, however, they are liable to receive erroneous impressions. Sight is liable to many illusions; so likewise is hearing. Upon the whole, perhaps touch is the least subject to deception; accordingly, we rely upon its testimony with greater confidence than on any of the others.

The excellence of the sense of touch has led some to consider that the erroneous impressions to which the other senses are liable, are corrected by it. Strictly speaking, however, the senses cannot correct each other, since the sensations they communicate to the mind are of a different character. The eye can convey no idea of sound, nor the ear of colour, nor can the touch furnish impressions of either the one or the other. It is true, that where necessity has called forth the powers of the sense of touch, as in the blind, the accuracy with which they are enabled to judge of the properties of bodies is truly astonishing to those who enjoy the use of all the senses, and can select one or another for obtaining information respecting external objects, as may best suit their purpose. But where the evidence is chiefly or entirely to be derived from one sense, and where it is frequently called into operation, and much attention paid to its reports, its capabilities become vastly increased. Dr Sanderson, professor of mathematics at Cambridge, and who was blind from the second year of his age, could distinguish false from true medals. Rudolphi mentions the case of Baczkó, who could distinguish cloth of equal quality, but of different colours: black appeared to him among the roughest and hardest; to this succeeded dark blue and dark brown, which he could not distinguish from each other; neither could he distinguish the colour of cotton or silk stuffs. There are many other remarkable instances of the wonderful delicacy reached by this sense from its cultivation by the blind. But in all such cases there merely exists a greater degree of perfection in the exercise of its own powers, not an assumption of the peculiar function belonging to the others.

Even the touch is liable to error in some instances. If two fingers are crossed over each other, and a pea rolled between them, we receive the impression of the presence of two distinct objects, though we very well know that there exists only one; nor does sight in this instance remove the deception. However, in this case the organs are placed in an unnatural position, and there is every reason to believe, that, by continuing the practice for a length of time, the illusion would vanish.

It is almost impossible to conceive an individual totally deprived of touch, though numerous cases daily occur of individuals deprived of it in particular parts from paralysis. Numerous instances of deprivation of one of the two other noble senses, sight and hearing, are constantly presented to us. There are also melancholy examples recorded, where unhappy individuals have been destitute of both, but fortunately they are of rare occurrence.*

THE LOST LEG,
AN ANGLO-AMERICAN YARN.*

BROOK WATSON was born of humble parentage, in the province of Maine, and in that part of it more appropriately known as Sagadahoc. History has not conveyed to us the incidents of his childhood. As he met with extraordinary success in life, we presume he was pretty soundly drubbed by the schoolmaster and the older boys. He probably ran about bare-footed in summer, and in winter wore old woollen stockings, with the feet cut off, under the name of leggins, to keep out snow-water. We imagine he got on the raft of the lumber-men, and learned to swim, by being knocked off, as a mischief-maker, into the river. We think it likely he occasionally sat up, of a moonshiny night, to watch the bears, as they came down to reconnoitre the pig-stye; and we have little doubt that, before he was eleven years old, he had gone cabin-boy to Jamaica, with a cargo of pine boards and timber. But of all this we know nothing. It is enough for our story, that, at the age of twenty, Brook Watson was a stout athletic young man, sailing out of the port of New York to the West Indies. He went as second mate of the *Royal Consort*, a fine top-sail schooner of one hundred and fifteen tons; and whether he had any personal venture in the mules, butter, cheese, codfish, and shoeks, which she took out, is more than history has recorded.

Captain Basil Hall says the Americans are too apt to talk about the weather. But in the tropics, in the month of July, aboard a small ship, without a blith stirring, captain, it is hot; you have been a sailor yourself, and you ought to know it. It was very hot on board the *Royal Consort*, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of July 1755. There was not the slightest movement in the air; the rays of the sun seemed to burn down into the water. Silence took hold of the animated creation. It was too hot to talk, whistle, or sing; to bark, to crow, or to bray. Every thing crept under cover, except Sambo and Cuffee, two fine-looking blacks, who sat sunning themselves on the quay, and thought “him berry pleasant weather,” and glistened like a new Bristol bottle.

Brook Watson was fond of the water; he was not web-footed; but were he asked whether he felt most at home on land or in the water, he would have found it hard to tell. He had probably swum the

*The above appeared originally in the *New England Magazine*.

Kennebec for five months in the year, ever since he was eleven years old. With this taste for the water, and with the weather so oppressive as we have described it on the present occasion, it is not to be wondered at, that Brook Watson should have turned his thoughts for refreshment, to a change of element; in other words, that he should have resolved to bathe himself in the sea.

Such was the fact. About six o'clock in the afternoon, and when every other being on board the vessel had crept away into the cabin or the fore-castle, to enjoy a *siesta*, Brook, who had been sweltering and panting, and thinking of the banks of the Kennebec, till his stout gay heart felt like a great ball of lead within him, tripped up on deck, dropped his loose clothing, and in an instant was over the side of the vessel. This was Brook's first voyage to the West Indies, since he had grown up; and the first day after his arrival. He was one of that class of mankind not bred up to books, and consequently, in the way of learning wisdom only by experience. What you learn by experience, you learn pretty thoroughly, but at the same time, occasionally, much to your cost. Thus by chopping off a couple of fingers with a broad axe, you learn, by experience, not to play with edge-tools. Brook Watson's experience in bathing had hitherto been confined to the Kennebec, a noble, broad, civil stream, harbouring nothing within its gentle waters more terrible than a porpoise. The sea serpent had not yet appeared. Brook Watson had certainly heard of sharks; but at the moment of forming the resolution to bathe, it had entirely escaped his mind, if it had ever entered it, that the West India seas were full of them; and so over he went, with a fearless plunge.

Sambo and Cuffee, as we have said, were sitting on the quay, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and making their evening repast of banana, when they heard the plunge into the water by the side of the Royal Consort, and presently saw Brook Watson emerging from the deep, his hands to his eyes, to free them from the brine, balancing up and down, spluttering the water from his mouth, and then throwing himself forward, hand over hand, as if at length he really felt himself in his element.

"Oh, Massa," roared out Sambo, as soon as he could recover his astonishment enough to speak, "Oh Senor; de white man neber go to swim; Oh, de tiburon; he berry bad bite, come llama—de shark; he hab berry big mouth; he eattee a Senor all up den!"

Such was the exclamation of Sambo, in the best English he had been able to pick up, in a few years' service, in unlading the American vessels that came to the Havana. It was intended to apprise the bold but inexperienced stranger, that the waters were filled with sharks, and that it was dangerous to swim in them. The words were scarcely uttered, and even if they were heard, had not time to produce their effect, when Cuffee responded to the exclamation of his sable colleague, with

"Oh, Madre de Dios, see, see, de tiburon, de shark;—ah San Salvador; ah pobre joven! matar, todo comer, he eat him all down, berry soon!"

This second cry had been drawn from the kind-hearted negro, by seeing, at a distance, in the water, a smooth shooting streak, which an inexperienced eye would not have noticed, but which Sambo and Cuffee knew full well. It was the wake of a shark. At the distance of a mile or two, the shark had perceived his prey, and with the rapidity of sound he had shot across the intervening space, scarcely disturbing the surface with a ripple. Cuffee's practised eye alone had seen a flash of his tail, at the distance of a mile and a half; and raising his voice to the utmost of his strength, he had endeavoured to apprise the incautious swimmer of his danger. Brook heard the shout, and turned his eye in the direction in which the negro pointed; and, well skilled in all the appearances of the water, under which he could see almost as well as in the open air, he perceived the sharp forehead of the fearful animal rushing towards him, head on, with a rapidity which bade defiance to flight. Had he been armed with a knife, or even a stick, he would not have feared the encounter, but would have coolly waited his chance, like the negroes of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, and plunged his weapon into the opening maw of the ravenous animal. But he was wholly naked and defenceless. Every one on board the Royal Consort was asleep, and it was in vain to look for aid from that quarter. He cast a glance, in his extremity, to Sambo and Cuffee, and saw them, with prompt benevolence, throw themselves into a boat to rescue him; but meantime the hungry enemy was rushing on.

Brook thought of the Kennebec; he thought of its green banks, and its pleasant islands. He thought of the tall trunks of the pine-trees, scathed with fire, which stood the grim sentinels of the forest, over the roof where he was born. He thought of the log school-house. He thought of his little brothers and sisters, and of his mother; and there was another image that passed through his mind, and almost melted into cowardice his manly throbbing heart. He thought of Mary Atwood, and— but he had to think of himself. For though these tumultuous emotions and a thousand others rushed through his mind in a moment, crowding that one moment with a long duration of suffering, yet in the same fleet moment the dreadful monster had shot across the entire space that separated him from Brook, and had stopped, as if its vitality had been instantly arrested, at the distance of about twelve feet from our swimmer. Brook had drawn himself up in the most pugnacious attitude possible, and was treading water with great activity. The shark, probably unused to any signs of making battle, remained, for one moment, quiet; and then, like a flash of lightning, shot sideling off, and came round the rear. Brook, however, was as wide awake as his enemy. If he had not dealt with sharks before, he knew something of the ways of bears and estamours; and contriving himself to get round about as soon as the shark, he still presented a bold front to the foe.

But a human creature, after all, is out of his element in the water, and he fights with a shark, to about the same disadvantage as the shark himself, when dragged

up on deck, fights with a man. He flounces and flings round, and makes formidable battle with tail and maw; but he is soon obliged to yield. The near approach to a fine plump healthy Yankee was too much for the impetuosity of our shark. The splashing of the oars of Sambo and Cuffee warned the sagacious monster of gathering foes. Whirling himself over on his back, and turning up his long white belly, and opening his terrific jaws, set round with a double row of broad serrated teeth, the whole roof of his mouth paved with horrent fangs, all standing erect, sharp, and rigid, just permitting the blood-bright red to be seen between their roots, he darted towards Brook. Brook's self-possession stood by him in this trying moment. He knew very well if the animal reached him in a vital part, that instant death was his fate; and with a rapid movement, either of instinct or calculation, he threw himself backward, kicking, at the same moment, at the shark. In consequence of this movement, his foot and leg passed into the horrid maw of the dreadful monster, and were severed in a moment—muscles, sinews, and bone. In the next moment, Sambo and Cuffee were at his side, and lifted him into the boat, convulsed with pain, and fainting with loss of blood. The Royal Consort was near, and the alarm was speedily given. Brook was taken on board; the vessel's company were roused; bandages and styptics were applied; surgical advice was obtained from the shore, and in due season the hearty and sound-constituted youth recovered.

The place of his lost limb was supplied by a wooden one; and industry, temperance, probity, and zeal, supplied the place of a regiment of legs, when employed to prop up a lazy and dissipated frame. The manly virtues of our hero found their reward; his sufferings were crowned with a rich indemnity. He rose from one step to another of prosperity. Increased means opened a wider sphere of activity and usefulness. He was extensively engaged in public contracts, which he fulfilled to the advantage of the government, as well as his own. From a contractor, he became a commissary, and from commissary, Lord Mayor of London.

Behold our hero now, at the head of the magistracy of the metropolis of the British empire, displaying, in this exalted station, the virtues which had raised him to it from humble life; and combating the monsters of vice and corruption which infest the metropolis, as boldly as he withstood the monster of the deep, and with greater success. All classes of his majesty's subjects who had occasion to approach him, enjoyed the benefit of his civic qualities; and his fame spread far and wide through Great Britain. Nor was it confined, as may well be supposed, to the British isles. The North American colonies were proud of their fellow-citizen, who, from poverty and obscurity, had reached the Lord Mayor's chair. The ambitious mother quoted him to her emulous offspring. The thrifty merchant at Boston would send a quintal of the best Isle-of-Shoals, as a present to his worship; and once, on the annual election-day, the reverend gentleman who officiated on the occasion, in commenting on the happy auspices of the day (it was just after the receipt of a large sum of money from England, on account of the expenses of the colony in the old war), included among them, that a son of New England had been entrusted with the high and responsible duties of the chief magistracy of the metropolis of his majesty's dominions.

It may well be supposed that the Americans who went home (as it was called, even in the case of those who were born and bred in the colonies) were very fond of seeking the acquaintance of Sir Brook Watson, for knighthood had followed in the train of his other honours. Greatly to the credit of his worship, he uniformly received them with kindness and cordiality, and instead of shunning whatever recalled his humble origin, he paid particular attention to every one that came from Sagadahoc. There was but a single point in his history and condition on which he evinced the least sensitiveness, and this was the painful occurrence which had deprived him of his limb. Regret at this severe loss, a vivid recollection of the agony which had accompanied it, and probably no little annoyance at the incessant interrogatories to which it had exposed him through life, and the constant repetition to which it had driven him of all the details of this event, had unwittingly made it a very sore subject with him. He at length ceased himself to allude to it, and his friends perceived, by the brevity of his answers, that it was a topic on which he wished to be spared.

Among the Americans who obtained an introduction to his worship in London, were Asahel Ferret and Richard Tensewell, shrewd Yankees, who had found their way over to England, with a machine for dressing flax. They had obtained a letter of recommendation from a merchant in Boston to Sir Brook. They had no reason to murmur at their reception. They were invited to dine with his lordship, and treated with hearty hospitality and friendship. The dinner passed rather silently away, but with no neglect of the main end of the dinner. Our Yankee visitors did full justice to his worship's bountiful fare. They found his mutton fine, his turbot fine, his strong beer genuine (as they called it), and his wine most extraordinary good; and as the bottle circulated, the slight repression of spirits under which they commenced, passed off. They became proportionally inquisitive, and opened upon their countryman a full battery of questions. They began with the articles that formed the dessert, and asked whether his lordship's peaches were raised in his lordship's own garden. When told they were not, they made so bold as to inquire whether they were a present to his lordship, or purchased. The mayor having answered that they came from the market, "Might they presume to ask how much they had cost?" They were curious to be informed whether the silver-gilt spoons were solid metal, how many little ones his worship had, what meeting he went to, and whether his lordship had ever heard Mr Whitefield preach, and if he did not think him a fine speaker. They were anxious to know whether his lordship went to see his majesty socially now, as you would run in and out at a neighbour's; whether her majesty was a comely personable woman; and whether it was true that the prince was left-handed, and the princess

pock-marked. They inquired what his lordship was worth, how much he used to get as commissary, how much he got as lord mayor, and whether her ladyship had not something handsome of her own. They were anxious to know what his worship would turn his hand to, when he had done being lord mayor; how old he was; whether he did not mean to go back and live in America; and whether it was not very pleasant to his lordship to meet a countryman from New England. To all these questions, and a great many more equally searching and to the point, his lordship answered good-humouredly; sometimes with a direct reply, sometimes evasively, but never impatiently. He perceived, however, that the appetite of their curiosity grew, from what it fed on; and that it would be as wise in him to hope for respite on their being satisfied, as it was in the rustic to wait for the river to run out.

These sturdy questioners had received a hint that his lordship was rather sensitive on the subject of his limb, and not fond of having it alluded to. This, of course, served no other purpose than that of imparting to them an intense desire to know every thing about it. They had never heard by what accident his lordship had met this misfortune; as indeed the delicacy which had for years been observed on the subject, in the circle of his friends, had prevented the singular circumstances which in early youth deprived him of his leg, from being generally known. It was surmised by some that he had broken it by a fall on the ice, in crossing the Kennebec in the winter. Others affirmed, of their certain knowledge, that he was crushed in a raft of timber; and a third had heard a brother-in-law declare, that he stood by him when it was shot off, before Quebec. In fact, many persons, not altogether as curious as our visitors, really wished they knew how his lordship lost his leg.

The curiosity of Messrs Ferret and Tensewell on this subject approached to phrenzy. The volubility with which they put their other questions, arose in part from the flutter of desire to probe this hidden matter. They looked at his worship's wooden leg; at each other; at the carpet; at the ceiling; and, finally, one of them, by way of a feeler, asked his lordship if he had seen the new model of a cork leg, contrived by Mr Rivetshin, and highly commended in the papers. His lordship had not heard of it. Baffled in this, they asked his lordship whether he supposed it was very painful to lose a limb by a cannon ball or a grape shot. His worship really could not judge, he had never had that misfortune. They then inquired whether casualties did not frequently happen to lumbermen on the Kennebec river. The mayor replied that the poor fellows did sometimes slip off a rolling log, and get drowned. "Were there not bad accidents in crossing the river on the ice?" His lordship had heard of a wagon of produce that had been blown down upon the slippery surface of the ice, horses and all, as far as Merry Meeting Bay, when it was brought up by a shot from Fort Charles, which struck the wagon between perch and axle-tree, and knocked it over; but, his lordship pleasantly added, he believed the story was an exaggeration.

Finding no possibility of getting the desired information by any indirect means, they began to draw their breath hard, to throw quick glances at each other and at his lordship's limb; and in a few moments one of them, with a previous jerk of his head and compression of his lips, as much as to say, "I will know it or die," ventured to take the liberty to inquire if he might presume so far as to ask his lordship by what accident he had been deprived of the valuable limb which appeared to be wanting to his lordship's otherwise fine person.

His lordship was amused at the air and manner with which the question was put; like those of a raw lad, who shuts his eyes when taking aim with a gun. The displeasure he would otherwise have felt was turned into merriment, and he determined to sport with their unconscionable curiosity.

"Why, my friends," said he, "what good would it do you to be informed? How many questions have I already answered you this morning? You now ask me how I lost my leg; if I answer you on that point, you will wish to know the when and the wherefore; and instead of satisfying, I shall only excite your curiosity."

"Oh no," they replied; "if his lordship would but condescend to answer them this one question, they would agree never to ask him another."

His lordship paused a moment, musing; and then added, with a smile, "But will you pledge yourselves to me to that effect?"

Oh, they were willing to lay themselves under any obligation; they would enter into a bond not to trouble his lordship with any further question; they would forfeit a thousand pounds, if they did not keep their word.

"Done, gentlemen," said his lordship; "I accept the condition—I will answer your question, and take your bond never to put me another."

The affected mystery, the delay, and the near prospect of satisfying their own curiosity, rendered our visitors perfectly indifferent to the conditions on which they were to obtain the object of their desire. His lordship rang for a clerk, to whom he briefly explained the case, directing him to draw up a bond for the signature of his inquisitive countrymen. The instrument was soon produced, and ran in the following terms:—

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That we, Asahel Ferret and Richard Tensewell, of the town of Gossipbridge and county of Tolland, in his majesty's colony of Connecticut, in New England, do hereby jointly and severally acknowledge ourselves firmly bound and bound to his worship, Sir Brook Watson, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs and assigns, in the sum of one thousand pounds sterling; and we do hereby, for ourselves, our heirs, and assigns, covenant and agree to pay to his said worship, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs and assigns, the aforesaid sum of one thousand pounds sterling, when the same shall become due, according to the tenor of this obligation:—

And the condition of this obligation is such, that, whereas the aforesaid Ferret and Tensewell, of the town

and county, &c. and colony, &c. have signified to his aforesaid worship their strong desire to be informed, apprised, instructed, told, made acquainted, satisfied, put at rest, and enlightened, how and in what manner his aforesaid worship became deprived, mutilated, maimed, curtailed, retrenched, shortened, abated, absconded, amputated, or abridged, in the article of his worship's right leg; and whereas his aforesaid worship, willing to gratify the laudable curiosity of the said Ferret and Teasewell, but desirous also to put some period, term, end, close, estoppel, and finish, to the numerous questions, queries, interrogatories, inquiries, demands, and examinations of the said Ferret and Teasewell, whereby his aforesaid worship hath been sorely teased, worried, bothered, perplexed, annoyed, tormented, afflicted, soured, and discouraged; therefore, to the end aforesaid, and in consideration of the premises aforesaid, his worship aforesaid hath covenanted, consented, agreed, promised, contracted, stipulated, and bargained, with the said Ferret and Teasewell, &c. &c. to answer such question as they, the said Ferret and Teasewell, shall put and propound to his said worship, in the premises, touching the manner, &c. &c. truly, and without guile, covin, fraud, or falsehood; and the said Ferret and Teasewell, also, do on their part covenant, consent, agree, promise, stipulate, and bargain with his aforesaid worship, and have, &c., that they will never propound, or put any further or different question to his aforesaid worship, during the term of their natural lives.—And if the said Ferret and Teasewell, or either of them, contrary to the obligation of this bond, shall at any time hereafter put or propound any further, or other, or different question to his said worship, they shall jointly and severally forfeit and pay to his said worship the sum aforesaid, of one thousand pounds, sterling money; and if, during the term of their natural lives, they shall utterly forbear, abstain, renounce, abandon, abjure, withhold, neglect, and omit, to propound any such, other, or further, or different question, to his aforesaid worship, then this bond shall be utterly null, void, and of no effect;—but otherwise in full force and validity.

Witness our hand and seal, this tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

ARABEL FERRET. (Seal.)
RICHARD TEASEWELL. (Seal.)

FRANCIS FAIRSERVICE, Witness.
SAMUEL SLYFLAY, Witness.
Stamp, 3s."

The instrument was executed, handed to his worship, and deposited in his scrutoire.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am ready for your question."

They paused a moment, from excess of excitement and anticipation. Their feelings were like those of Columbus when he beheld a light from the American shores; like Dr Franklin's, when he took the electric spark from the string of his kite.

"Your lordship then will please to inform us how your lordship's limb was taken off."

"IT WAS BITTEN OFF!"

They started, as if they had taken a shock from an electric battery; the blood shot up to their temples; they stepped each a pace nearer to his lordship, and with staring eyes, gaping mouth, and uplifted hands, were about to pour out a volley of questions, "by whom, by what bitten; how, why, when?"

But his lordship smilingly put his forefinger to his lip, and then pointed to the scrutoire, where their bond was deposited.

They saw, for the first time in their lives, that they were taken in; and departed rather embarrassed and highly dissatisfied, with having passed an afternoon in finding out that his lordship's leg was bitten off. This mode of losing a limb being one of very rare occurrence, their curiosity was rather increased than allayed by the information; and as they went down stairs, they were heard by the servants muttering to each other, "Who do you 'pose bit off his leg?"

CRIME—ITS UNEXPECTED PROPORTIONS IN MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

It is a general notion in this part of the country, where we know nothing of large manufacturing establishments, that they tend greatly to the increase of vice and crime. This position might well have been doubted, considering the great provocations to vice and crime are idleness and want, both of which are, in a great measure, removed by the employment afforded to persons of all ages by manufacturing. Mr Hill, in his Third Report on the state of Crime in Scotland, mentions that, among the most peaceable and honest places he visited, were Catrine and New Lanark, both seats of extensive cotton manufacturing; while among those abounding in crime and disorder, were Biggar, Crieff, and Port-Patrick, all sequestered villages, where poets suppose that nothing but peace and happiness exist. The notion that manufacturing operatives are peculiarly addicted to crime, was indeed proved long ago to be false. By a Parliamentary return of the state of crime in Scotland in 1830, it was shown, that, while the proportion of thieves to the population was one in 1462 in the county of Edinburgh, it was only as one in 2097 in the manufacturing counties of Lanark and Renfrew. If more crime is found in towns than in the country, it is, in a great measure, because all the bad part of the country population resort to them. Mr Hill remarks, "that the same attention to the education, and generally to the happiness of the people of New Lanark, which existed when the mills were under the management of Mr Owen, appears to be paid by the present proprietor. And so successful is the system in preventing crime, that the procurator-fiscal for this ward of the county, who resides within a mile of New Lanark, told me that only two offences had come to his knowledge during the last six years. Catrine, in Ayrshire, is like New Lanark. It is a large country mill, in a picturesque situation, with the land all round belonging to one body of proprietors, who have the means, as they have also the wisdom and benevolence, to adopt such plans as

are calculated to promote the real comfort and welfare of the people in their employment."—"And," he adds, "notwithstanding what has been said on the subject of factories, I have no hesitation in declaring, that I believe that the work-people at Catrine, New Lanark, and other similar establishments, form some of the healthiest, happiest, and most moral communities in the world." Captain Williams, in his Second Report on the Prisons of England, corroborates Mr Hill's statement. He says, "The daily employment of children appears to be greatly influential in saving them from falling into crime. The annual number of this class of delinquents, in the New Bailey at Manchester, does not increase. In the House of Correction, at busy Preston, they are comparatively few. At Carlisle Jail, since the establishment of cotton manufactures, the chaplain has, from their diminution, found it unnecessary to continue them as a separate class of prisoners."—*Tait's Magazine*, June 1838.

LETTERS OF THE UNLETTERED.

BAD spelling is often a very amusing thing, not only from the strange twists it gives to meaning, but from the absolute ingenuity which appears to be exercised in making such egregious departures from all recognised orthography. No man who knows how to spell, and is accustomed to do so, could possibly—unless a Smollett or a Thomas Hood—produce such felicitous departures from all rule of letters as "A gustus pease" for a justice of peace, or "Her lifts Won Ho cures a Goos," for here lives one who cures agues. This is a kind of comicality which the mind only can produce at a certain stage of its progress. We grow beyond it, as we grow beyond the mirth-exciting whimsicality of the child, and then are only fit for plain and sober correctness. It differs, however, from the drollery of the child, in as far as it is always very serious and unconscious. The bad speller is a grave wag. He goes on as solemnly with his mirth-exciting blunders as if there were to be no laughing in the matter; and you almost burst, while not a muscle in his face has sustained the least change.

We wish here to present a small collection of misspellings to the reader, for the amusement of a few idle minutes; but, in doing so, it is difficult to observe any sort of order or arrangement. The first that comes to hand chances to be a letter addressed to a horse-doctor in a certain town of the west of England:—

Traesfynold, near Barnmouth, Feb. 22, 1821.—Dear Doitor, I have take this Pleasure of Inform you that my Legis rather better every Day and almost quite well—and so I am very much oblige to you, and very Glad that I meet with you, and I shall not forget you in my life—and I will give your Carictor to every body that is in my power—and I do say that I never see such good Doctor never—and If any thing in my power to do to you I will with willing and easily make it—I do Give my best respect to my Dear Doctor and to Miss — and all your good family—this from the Walce woman that you have Cuared—your Wellisher GWEN ELLIS.

Carictor with medical men is every thing—of which a lively illustration will be found in the following epistle from a knight of the post to a certain long deceased aspirant for the honours of that profession:—

TO DOCTOR —

HOND, SIR, as I see you ave afferdavitts at the end off your bill, I shall be ridy too sarve you as chep as any body in London will do. I ave bin implode by a grat many Doctors to sware for him, and I will sware wat you plesse, butt you must kep it a secret. I ham very thin in my body, and leud siecky, so as how the justis will believe I ave ben cured. I will sware before my Lord Mare, or any of the sittin Aldrmen excep Justis Feildin, for he fond me out once, for swarin falsley for the Grek Water Doctor. I will also draw up the Afferdavidts if you plesse, for I was bred to phizzic myself, and no most of the turms and ard words. Mye price for a Kanser is five shillings and the same for the fool dizzies, and the Kin zivil. Plesse to dirrec for me at Mrs Jonson's in London Cheapside.—Your humble servant to command, JOHN WITTAKER.

P. S.—I shant sware by mye own name, butt anye others, and my wif will sware alsoe if you want her.

If the effect of bad spelling depends much, as we think it does, on the appearance of seriousness which it always bears, we may well expect especial subjects for mirth in ill-spelt love-letters, seeing that love is always a very serious passion, and somehow unusually so in that department of society which is most apt to set orthographical rules at defiance. The immediately following specimen will be generally regarded as supporting this hypothesis. It is, however, a love-letter of a very peculiar kind, being addressed by a poor lad, not to a genuine sweetheart, but to a married lady who had lodged some time in his mother's house, and whose sweetly pleasing manners had raised in his breast a feeling of enthusiastic, but perfectly innocent affection. We print from a scrawled copy, taken at the time, and which has survived, in our desk, the loss of many more precious documents:—

Newhaven 22 September 1821.

My Nearst and Dearest Friend, I take the first opportunity of ritting you thes fue Lines to let you no that we are all well in health Butt very Low in Spirets for you have left a fye frinds to Lament your abence very much for the day that I partad with you it was one of the sorayfullst days that ever I had in my Life and God knows if ever we met in our Lifitn again Butt if at should ples go to let us met agin, I hope we will met in good spirets for I am in very bad spirets at this time. I hope you have had a prospers passage to London and O doo not forget

to write to me by the first stem vesel coming to scotland for I Long very much to hear of your wellifer and I hop God well be with you and o my dear mack— take to great care of yourself in London for my mind well never be essa till I her from you witch hop you will not forget to doo and if you doo not find your self hapy in London come Back to Scotland as long as I ame abel al work for you so no more at present from your kind Lr. —

[P. S.] all frinds her have got thir Love to you and Mr — and he is drinking your health your por Tome is with his Grandmother.

In the following, the lady is commendably cool and prudent, and the bad spelling and no-punctuation seems to give additional energy to her resolution, as personal clumsiness contributes to the appearance of strength. The best of the joke is, that the "Double U" to whom the document is addressed, printed it long afterwards, as a warning to young misses to be more attentive to their spelling-books:—

Dear Double U, I Was very sorry for What hapned betwext My father and you But We could not heelp it For it Whas nothing But I expected for my Sister—is a going to be Mairrid and it will Maikie one less in hour familly butt I hope you will not Think nothink of like favours that as past Betwext you and me as my fathar and you as fell out it whold Be of little youse to Carry on Correspondance—For thers allwase one or another Calling at My sisters—and then the Whold be finding us out and then it Whod be Whorse—Then When love had got at a head it Mite Be Of Very serous Consequence and (as spesley) If My fathar & Mother Whod not give thir Consents Butt I shall allways have a Respect for you As I have had no other (accetion)

I Remaine your Effectinate.

But neither of the above epistles can be at all compared with that which follows. Here the uncertainty of the lady as to the intentions of her lover, her economy in the matter of the picture, her threats of the wrath of her relations, combine to make up such a missive of love, as perhaps was never before or since penned. The spelling at the same time so completely out-Winfreds Winiifred, that we might suppose it a fiction, if its genuineness were not well attested:—

Hoeshippers Aphartment, 27 fbyoehairy 1800.

SUR, I am rathur superrised that sins my Litter you ave knot put mattars farthur housumdever I am still villian to belheave yu vil not niggleheet me i thairfhouer vishes to ave ure pikther vich i am tould is costumhari on such okealsuns i have a friend a Cumseysewer hoo as a Pikther of run of our famhille that with a littil Halte-rashun he sais vil bee as lik yu as possibill and vose paynted by a very unhenlit mastur in the dais of Holfefear Kramvel this yu nose vil saiv Expance and i vil giv u a rin sit rownde with mi one Hare butt if u are knot serouse I must tel u i vil knot be humbuggd for i ave tu respec-tabil rilashuns in ludun hoo are unkils run is Kochemun to a humpassadore the uther a turki marchant in hunn-lain market behides anauthr unkil in the century hoo is juist ass of pece and vil awl se me ritehead if u mens to slit and dishert me tho i thinks with vat i tould u i had bifwure and vat u ave put tughether we mit bee weary kumfurltable. Butt i necess upon hit that i mai hav sum riggleher kontlushun how to rigglehate myself ackordly. Ures as you dimhean ure self, E— B—

As an offset against this rousing appeal, may be given the following lament from a swain respecting the faithlessness of one of the gentler sex. The grave speculation about the "constatution" of those beings called ladies is admirable:—

Liverpool 18 Decr 1826.

Sir the Saying that the happiness of a man's Life Depends upon the State of his mind is a trouth to which I have given much Study the Steadier a man's mind is so the more continued must be his happiness or Misery—But to explain the Constatution of a woman is more than I shall pretend—Anxious to appear in your list of marriages I have had the misfortune to pay my adresses to one who called herself a "Lady" and whom I understood when married would wish to Live Genteel and Respectable (all right) and after the Greatest expressions of "Love" on her part I took to myself the liberty of asking her In marriage to which after twenty four hours Consideration She Consented—Having Settled Between us the rest of the Business therewith Connected I thought that nothing more remained untill the expiration of the Given time But Barely the keeping up of a Corrospondance—But alas when my mind had just running upon the pleasure I was just about to Injoy arising from wed-lock I found Like many others that she was too "old" for me—She told me she had changed her mind and after reminding her that she had given her hand and sworn to be true She said that in saying the Devil tempted her Little Did She think that I had got nothing at all ado with what Business was transacted Between her and the Devil—However I am informed She is at present happy while my enniny and only nine nights ago She was hapy and my friend—How queer is the Constatution of them Beings who call themselves "Ladies"—I am yours &c E S

A few of a miscellaneous description will conclude the present paper. When the census of the population was to be taken in 1821, the superintending officer in Limerick received two applications for employment, of which the following are copies:—

Sir—I propos to tak the Censures of the Enhabytans of this City myself.

Sir—I offer myself to take the senses of the people under the Act of Parliament.

Mr Shetky, the eminent marine painter, when at Portsea a few years ago, received the following from a man who was exhibiting a whale:—

To Mr SHATKEY Esq.

Anker an hoaps, Portsea.

Dear Sur, as i bin henford you pantes beests i wants

you to pante my wale if you can i wants on dun Cumplate to hang up in frunt off my new wan which is 27 foot long by next Saterdag i got sum Canvas from mr. Rands which i thinks will jest Do for the gob i gos away to morrow pretty Sharpish as i wants you to meet me att the anker and hope prevus before i gos to take his dimenshuus and Settle about the price i am Dear Sir your umbul Sarvant,
T. SAVAY.
if you looks upon top o Sundays paper you will see i am the proprietor of the wale an your mony is Shure as the bankers nows me.

A gentleman received the following with reference to a servant's situation :—

April 4th 1823.—Mr. — If you place to inform Mrs. — to shute here shelp with a sarvant. As i have ingaicht in a Nother place where the wighis will answer better.

The following from a gardener to his master is so ingeniously out of all rule, that an explanation is added :—

Honred Sir,—My wif an I have taken the Ian from Winsor. Jenny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are all well. The Oxen are come down to praise the Gods. From your humble servant, &c.

What he meant to say was as follows :

Honoured Sir—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia cedar has lost its head : the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.

A lady at Pontypool received the following from a man who had some concern in farming a part of her property :—

Fepny 23 1823.

Mrs I do tak this Lipart to cend you this few Linds which I hop you will Receive saft mr Lowrens and I cannot ceddle [settle] far the land I have offer him the possecon this Day if he will give me or at Lost order his frind to give me Ras Ras the vallow off my Burnning which I have tak good yeal of truble to clear vor ground and now it is Redy for good crop and Now I hop that you and my young mrs will have the goodness to wait A fiddle Longer for your Demands, as I do make up my mind that I shall Not give up the Land till I this yer will pay your Demands I Will cend you Down at mit cummer day one years Rent and the Reast all in this year I will not keep your Land no Longe time than I can collect your Demands Mr Lowrens have told me that he have Rot to you that I not have yeney way to pay you which I nere cend none of the kind you may be quit and yeneay About I shall not do your Land no Darneg nor in vor owds no Lost I will not Bing my chelf to no hopl No mor hat prent you hump cervant
RAS RAS.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

JOSEPH BANKS was descended from a family of wealth and respectability in Lincolnshire. His grandfather, who had founded, or rather added largely to, the patrimonial property by the practice of medicine, held in his latter years the office of sheriff of the county mentioned, and sat in one or two parliaments for the town of Peterborough. His son, the father of Joseph, increased the family fortune considerably by marriage. Joseph, an only son, and the heir of all that his immediate progenitors had acquired, was born in Argyle Street, London, on the 13th of February 1743. He was first put under the charge of a private tutor, and then, according to the common educational routine for English youths in good circumstances, was sent to Harrow. From this school he was removed to Christ's College, Oxford, where, to use common language, he completed his education.

On the death of his father in 1761, Mr Banks, at the age of eighteen, found himself in the irresponsible possession of such a fortune as brought within his reach all the pleasures to which young men too commonly devote themselves. But the subject of our memoir aspired to nobler enjoyments. Already had he formed an enthusiastic attachment to the studies of natural history, and as soon as he became his own master, he began to pursue these most enthusiastically, making use, for this purpose, of the advantages which his own property of Revesby in Lincolnshire afforded him, and also travelling on foot over many parts of his native country. His views, however, speedily became more comprehensive in their range. In 1766, he found an opportunity of visiting the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, for the purpose of making researches in his favourite science. The foundation of his great collection, or cabinet, was thus laid, and his ardour for scientific discovery confirmed. Soon after his return from the North American shores, a far more splendid opportunity offered itself of indulging his engrossing taste. After the general peace of 1763, Britain had formed a strong desire of extending geographical knowledge. Byron, Wallis, and Carteret, had been sent out at the head of successive expeditions to make discoveries in the Pacific Ocean, and in 1768 it was resolved to send out a fourth expedition under Captain James Cook. While preparations were making for this enterprise, in which the Royal Society of London took a deep interest, Mr Banks, who had now become a member of that society, came forward and requested to be a participator in the dangers and glory

of the voyage. The chief original objects of the expedition were of an astronomical nature, and Mr Banks, when he became a party to it, resolved to make it redound also to the benefit of natural history. At his own expense, he provided every species of apparatus that could further that object, and engaged Dr Solander, a distinguished pupil of Linnæus, to be his associate in the labours of the voyage. He also took into his suite two painters, qualified to make drawings of what could not be preserved, and to delineate scenery. He laid in stores of fruits, and other articles that might be serviceable to the tribes who might be visited ; and, in short, he omitted no provision that could in any way contribute to the success of the undertaking.

This was rare and noble behaviour in a young man of fortune, and Mr Banks had his reward, in so far as he was mainly instrumental in rendering this voyage one of the most glorious on record. Captain Cook sailed with his ardent companions on the 26th of August 1768, in the Endeavour. It would be out of place, were it possible, to detail here all the discoveries in natural history which were made on this expedition. They may be said to have begun at Rio Janeiro, where, at great personal risk from the bigotry of the authorities, Banks and Solander got possession of many specimens of the country's rich productions. At Terra del Fuego, as the Endeavour rounded the southernmost point of the New World, the naturalists had well-nigh fallen a sacrifice to their ardour for discovery, amid the snows of that inhospitable clime. Two of the party did perish on the occasion, and the energy of Mr Banks alone saved himself and the others from the sleep of cold that has no awakening. These things, however, are familiar to the youngest readers, as are also the subsequent adventures of the voyagers at Otaheité and the other islands which they visited in the mid Pacific. From these isles they proceeded southward to the New Zealand group, and afterwards explored a great part of the coast of New Holland. Every where Mr Banks made himself conspicuous by his activity and contempt of fatigue and danger. He was the negotiator on all occasions of traffic or dispute, and spared no pains to enrich his collections, or acquire a thorough knowledge of the character and customs of the South Sea islanders, to whom he left legacies that will bless yet unborn generations. After an absence of nearly three years, the Endeavour reached the Downs in June 1771.

The king (George III.) and people of Britain received the voyagers with loud acclamations, and for Mr Banks, in particular, his majesty formed an esteem which never declined. Though much of the interest of the Endeavour's voyage was owing to the presence of Banks, he himself published none of his journals, nor any account of the immense collections made by him on the expedition. But they were not therefore lost to the world. "One of the most remarkable traits (says Baron Cuvier) of his character, was the generosity with which he communicated his scientific treasures to all who appeared to him worthy of perusing them. Fabricius described all his insects. He gave specimens of all his fishes to Broussonnet for the Ichthyology which he had commenced. Botanists who wished to see his plants, had full permission to consult his botanical indexes." Robert Brown's work on the Plants of New Holland was composed in the midst of Banks's collections, and many other naturalists owe similar favours to the subject of our memoir. For the introduction of numerous plants, and also animals (such as the black swan), into Europe, we are indebted to the same source.

These are but a few of the advantages which resulted from Mr Banks's share in this most memorable voyage. His reputation was raised very high in consequence, but he was bent upon still further accessions of knowledge. In 1772, a second expedition under Captain Cook was proposed, and Banks made zealous preparations for accompanying the navigator again. When the Resolution, however, a vessel destined for the enterprise, was taken from Long Reach, it was found so crank that many repairs had to be made upon it, and these interfered so much with the accommodation required by the naturalists, that Banks, reluctantly, gave up the enterprise. It is said that he was irritated at the time at Cook, who had ordered these repairs, and the captain was blamed by many on the same score—with what justice it is difficult to say. If Banks was angry, he did not allow his anger to prevent him from giving every assistance to the Messrs Forster, who went, as botanists, in his place, and who were content with inferior accommodations.

Being thus disappointed in his hope of a second circumnavigation of the globe, the energetic spirit of Mr Banks soon directed itself to other channels. He determined on a voyage to Iceland. On the 12th of July 1772, in a vessel freighted with every necessary for naturalists, he accordingly set sail for that island, in company with Dr Solander, Dr Uno de Troil, Dr Lind (of Edinburgh), and other friends of congenial dispositions. It chanced, on their course to Iceland, that they had an opportunity of landing on the isle of Staffa ; and here they discovered the stupendous wonders of Fingal's Cave, the existence of which, strange to say, was unknown before to the world of science. Mr Banks and his friends may therefore be justly called its discoverers. Soon after this period, the voyagers arrived in Iceland, and spent a month in examining the island. On the 12th of September, they stood on the summit of the famous volcanic

mount of Hecla, being the first (known) travellers who had ever done so. It is remarkable, that on the occasion of this Icelandic journey, Mr Banks, as on his previous voyage, gave no account of his labours from his own pen, but seemed to be content with the knowledge that his observations were not lost. Dr Troil published a narrative of the Icelandic journey, and Mr Banks gave his drawings to Mr Pennant, to be used in that gentleman's work on Scotland. But, as in the case of the South Sea islanders, Mr Banks signalled his travel to Iceland by deeds of a more useful nature than result from most such expeditions. He drew the attention of the Danish court afterwards to the state of the Icelanders, and twice, in times of famine, sent to that people cargoes of grain at his own expense. Cuvier may indeed well say of him, that, like the deified personages of the ancient mythology, he became a sort of providence to the places he visited.

On his return from Iceland, Mr Banks took up his residence in London, and from this time forward his labours in the cause of science were confined to his native country. Blessed with an ample fortune, which enabled him to gratify the hospitality of his nature by opening his doors to men of science of every description—master, through his own labours, of one of the most excellent cabinets of natural history in the kingdom—and having earned deserved reputation enough to make himself an object of attraction and curiosity, Mr Banks soon became a sort of central point, around which men of genius from all countries rallied ; and he ere long acquired equal celebrity in the character of a patron of science, as he had done as its active follower. He took a leading part in the duties and administration of the Royal Society, and, on the retirement of Sir John Pringle, was elevated to the distinguished office of its president, in the month of November 1778. His election caused a considerable degree of outcry, chiefly among the mathematical section of the society's members. They exclaimed against the introduction of a naturalist—a mere amateur—into the chair which Newton had filled ; and hinted that royal partiality, and not desert, had been the procuring cause of the appointment. These exclamations ended in 1784, when the society, at a great meeting, declared itself satisfied with the choice which it had made of a president. A few of the dissentient members left the body ; and from this time forward, for the long period of forty-one years, Mr Banks filled this, the highest station to which a man of science in Britain can aspire, in uninterrupted peace and honour.

Admitting that the favour of the king, and the influence of wealth, were in part instrumental in raising Mr Banks to the presidency, it is at the same time undeniable that he filled the duties of the office in such a manner as redounded to the interests of the body and of science in general. In 1781, he was raised to the dignity of Baronet, received in 1795 the Order of the Bath, and in 1797 was enrolled in the Privy Council. The court favour which these honours indicate, was always made (to use the words of Cuvier) "to reflect upon the sciences which had procured it for him. Wherever an association was formed for a useful enterprise, he hastened to take part in it ; every work that required assistance in money, or patronage from authority, might reckon upon his support." In proof of this, the Board of Agriculture, the African Association, and numerous other institutions, might be adverted to. Perhaps no man ever was the means of introducing so many men into public notice, who afterwards attained to high distinction, as was Sir Joseph Banks. Mungo Park, and many others, afford evidence of this. Another circumstance may be mentioned as productive of the highest honour to Sir Joseph. During the long wars which raged in the era of his presidency, he behaved with the most disinterested and singular generosity to the scientific men of those countries with whom his own was at war. When their scientific collections were captured at sea or elsewhere, he never ceased his exertions until he had got them restored in safety to their owners. He would not even open them when in his hands, saying, "I would not carry off one idea from men who have obtained them at the peril of their lives." All these restorations were made at his own expense, and the gratitude of the French led them to honour him with a place in the Institute.

This is but a faint idea, after all, of the wide and beneficial influence which Sir Joseph Banks exerted on human knowledge during the forty-one years of his presidency. His ardour in favour of science was thought by some extravagant, and in this light did Dr Walcot, the clever but unprincipled Peter Pindar, endeavour to cast ridicule on Sir Joseph. The satirist paints the president as hunting a butterfly of the Emperor of Morocco species, and struggling for its capture as if the fate of empires was involved in the issue. Sir Joseph could smile at the humour, despise the man, and love science not the less.

In the year 1779, Sir Joseph had married Dorothea, daughter of W. W. Huggeson, Esq. This lady survived her husband, to whom she brought no children to inherit the title. Accordingly, this honour became extinct at the death of Sir Joseph, which took place on the 19th of May 1820, when he had reached the advanced age of seventy-seven. In person the deceased baronet was tall and finely formed, and possessed of a vigorous constitution. With his wonted regard for the interests of science, he bequeathed to the British Museum his great library of natural history, formed after fifty years' research. He also left

funds for the execution of certain works of importance to science. Without such posthumous monuments, however, the memory of Sir Joseph Banks will most certainly be held in lasting honour among mankind. He has left scarcely one line of his own to perpetuate his name, but posterity will find it written in durable letters in the pages of others.

ANECDOTES OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

TENTH ARTICLE.

MANY may have laughed at the mistake of the man who ordered a *Welsh rabbit* to supper once in a coffee-room, without being aware of the true nature of that article of diet. When a hot cheese-sandwich, as it may be termed, was presented to him in a short time, he was a little surprised, but imagining it to be intended as an allay to his appetite till the other dish was ready, he discussed his cheese and bread without remark. After waiting long, however, nothing further was brought to him, and, losing patience, he rang the bell, and demanded his rabbit. "Your rabbit, sir! why, I brought it to you. You have eaten it!" said the waiter. An explanation ensued, which was not very satisfactory to the honest man, for he no doubt thought it a most incomprehensible thing that the rabbits of Wales should be made of cheese and bread, instead of flesh and blood, like other animals, rational and irrational. The most profound etymological skill, indeed, could not have saved him from the mistake into which he fell. Rabbit, in this sense, is understood to be a corruption of *rare-bit*, and it is called Welsh, because this mode of sandwiching bread and cheese was invented by the people of Wales, who have always been famous for their attachment to cheese—and leeks. Talking of Welsh rabbits, it is told in *Boz's* entertaining *Life of Grimaldi*, that, on one occasion when that famous clown was travelling to fulfil a provincial engagement, he was accompanied by a brother actor named Bologna, who was remarkably stingy in his temperance, and chary of his purse. On reaching their destination, where they were to stay a week or two, Grimaldi and his friend put up at the same hotel. On the first night of their stay, Grimaldi ordered something nice for supper, and had some game brought to him, and other tid-bits. But he feasted on these alone, for Bologna would not join in what he called such gross extravagance, warning the other that an enormous sum would be charged, as the inn was a dear one. As Grimaldi was eating, however, Bologna was tempted to order a Welsh rabbit, and, after asking Grimaldi if he was going to sup in a similar way every night, and being answered in the affirmative, the economist said to the waiter, "Then, bring me a Welsh rabbit every night." Every night, accordingly, a Welsh rabbit was brought to Bologna, while a sumptuous supper was as regularly set before Grimaldi. Being fond of good eating, Bologna could not but grumble internally at the contrast of diets, but he consoled himself with the thought of the saving in his bill at the end. The engagement of the actors at length closed, and the pair called for their bills. "Ho!" said Bologna, as they were looking at the items, "they have made one mistake in mine." Ringing for the waiter, he then said that a mistake had been made in charging him the same sum nightly for supper as Mr Grimaldi. "You know," said Bologna, "I only took a Welsh rabbit. Get the thing righted." "I beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter, with the utmost politeness, "your bill is perfectly right. We always charge one and the same sum for supper, whatever a gentleman may fancy to eat." Poor Bologna had nothing for it but to pay, and, it may well be supposed, was most unmercifully laughed at by Grimaldi. A good travelling lesson may be drawn from this story, for numberless inns adopt the same practice as the one where Bologna's economy proved so teasingly fruitless.

The word *Tenet* (to return from the sort of digression into which Welsh rabbits have carried us) is a pure Latinism. It signifies, as it is scarcely necessary to say, an "opinion" or "principle" held by any one. In the Latin, *tenet* signifies literally "he holds," and, doubtless, has come into the English through the way of law deeds. *Laconic* is a word derived from the Grecian district called Laconia, which was the territory of the Lacedæmonians. That people were trained by their early lawgiver, Lycurgus, to practise brevity of speech on all occasions, and became so famous for that quality that the term laconic came in time to be applied to all concise speaking. Greece gave origin also, it seems probable, to a phrase which some might be inclined to regard as peculiarly British in its origin. The phrase *Wooden Walls*, as used to designate a navy, is the one alluded to. When the city of Athens was once in very great danger of being attacked and destroyed, its inhabitants had recourse to the oracle of Delphi for counsel in their difficulties. The oracle told them that there was no safety for them but in their *wooden walls*. By this was meant their shipping, and as they had then a powerful fleet, the oracle could not be said to do any more than give them a rational advice, which saved the Athenian people, and left a rather boastful phrase to Britain.

The word *Touchstone*, which signifies a *test*, is likewise derived from ancient times. It was formerly supposed that certain stones, on being brought into contact with metals, acted as tests of their purity. These stones were thought to exist in abundance in Lydia, in Asia Minor, and hence the Romans called them *Lydius lapis*, the Lydian stone. We have in the course of time forgot the original meaning, and a touchstone is now simply a test, whether of mental, moral, or metallic characters. Speaking of Asia Minor, the word *Parchment* is connected, etymologically, with that country. A king of Pergamus, a city bordering on the Mediterranean, invented this useful article, and it hence acquired the name of *Pergament*, which, in its motion downwards, has arrived at the shape of *parchment*. The derivation of *Egotism* is pretty generally known, yet it is not unworthy of notice. It is from *ego*, the Latin for the personal pronoun *I*. Thus, egotism signifies an over degree of esteem for "I myself I."

All must have heard of the term *Veto*. It expresses, in the way we commonly use it, a denial or refusal of assent to any thing. "I put my veto upon that," is a common expression, and it means "I forbid" it, which is the literal signification of *veto*, as a Latin word. The Popes appear to have first introduced the word in this way, their dissent to any measure having been long called their veto. *Diet*, in the sense of food or a meal, and *diet*, as applied to an assembly or the sitting of an assembly, could scarcely be expected to come from the same source, nor is this the case. The radical meaning in the last of these instances is a "daily sitting down." In this sense, the word *diet* comes from the Latin word *dies*, a day. *Diet*, food, comes from the Greek *diaita*, signifying much the same thing as the English word. The word *Mile* originated in the Latin *millē*, signifying a thousand. The Romans set down *mille passus*, a thousand steps, as the distance which we know by the name of a mile. *Solecism*, a term signifying properly an offence against the rules of grammar, has a very remarkable derivation. The Soli, a people inhabiting a portion of the Grecian province of Attica, sent off a colony to Cilicia, in Lesser Asia. The new settlers were not long there until they began to lose the purity of expression and accent for which they had formerly been remarkable. So much, indeed, did their mode of speech change, that it attracted general notice among the other tribes who spoke the Grecian tongue, and any one committing a grammatical impropriety came to be named *soloikos*, to which the sense of "speaking incorrectly" was attached. Hence the term *solecism*, which now means an offence against propriety of any kind.

Anecdote is a word which has departed very considerably from its original and etymological sense. We often see reprints of collections of anecdotes, or single anecdotes reprinted, but they ought to lose the name of anecdotes in such cases, for anecdote means something yet unpublished, being from the Greek *ekdotos*, published, and *a*, privative—or, in other words, an incident not yet made known. The word *Cancel* is derived from the Latin. *Cancelli* signified *lattices*, or windows made with close cross bars in the form of network. The phrase seems to have been applied to the deletion of a piece of writing, because, in doing so, cross lines were formed, somewhat like those of a lozenge-paned window. *Romance*, which now denotes a fanciful, and perhaps somewhat extravagant story of adventure, is a word which had its origin in the fact, that the first narratives of this kind were produced at a time when the Roman or Latin language was undergoing a gradual conversion into the modern languages of Europe. These early romances were written in what might be called bad Roman (or Latin); and hence the name.

To turn for a moment from those everlasting radicals (we use the word in an etymological sense), the Latin and Greek tongues, let us ask if any one knows the origin of *Whisky*? Some, in a smart mood, may answer "the still," but the word is the point. *Uisce*, the Irish for *water*, is understood to be the root, but as there is more than water in spirits, the Irish people correctly add *bagh* to *uisge*, making *uisge-bagh* or *usquebagh*, the *water of life*. In adopting the word, with the usual propensity to curtailment the Scotch have been contented with the *uisge* or *whisky*. The abbreviation is not injudicious, for sad doubts may be justly entertained about its being the *water of life*. An Irish peer gave name to the very beautiful, ingenious, and instructive astronomical instrument called an *Orrery*. Mr Rowley, the inventor of this instrument, was patronised by Lord Orrery, and called it by his name, from motives of gratitude. The mention of lords has brought to mind a species of law-lords, whose title of *Puisné* barons or judges puzzles many people. The word *puisé* is formed from two French words, *puis*, after or since, and *né*, born. In conjoining these words, the French give them the sense of a younger brother, or, more generally, of an inferior, and in this last signification it is applied to the barons alluded to, from their being under or inferior to the chief baron.

Climax, in its present use, signifies what may be termed "a crowning touch which has been arrived at by regular gradations." This definition, though it might perhaps be improved, agrees finely with the etymology. In the Greek, *climax* means a ladder. This metaphorical application of words which are the verbal prototypes of material things, is one of the fundamental arts of poetry, and, when the analogy is close and complete between the two objects which the word

is made to represent, tends much to beautify a language. The Greek poets showed much skill in this way, nor is the English tongue and literature deficient in many examples of the same thing.

The present article may be concluded by adverting to two words, which are said to exist in almost all languages. One of these is the word *Sack*, signifying a bag of any kind. It would be difficult, perhaps, to account for the universality of this term. Not so with the other word, *Mamma*, a child's name for *mother*, and which, in the Latin and Greek, signifies nearly the same thing, a *mother's breast*. Certainly, the universality of this word arises from its being one of the easiest formed of all sounds. By the simple opening and closing of the lips while air is emitted from the chest, the word *mam* or *mamma* is enunciated, and from this facility arises its general use by children, and its introduction into all languages.

POETRY OF MORTALITY.

MORTALITY, while for obvious reasons a ready and serviceable topic with divines in all ages, has not been without its uses to the poet. It would be needless to multiply instances; but we have something to say respecting a few of them. During the middle ages, a conversation between the body and soul of a newly deceased person was a favourite form for the impressive lessons which death was usually employed to convey; and poems of that nature accordingly exist in various languages, though possibly in some cases only translations of each other. An English version of the theme, under the title of the *Desputisoun betwix the Body and the Soule*, supposed to have been written about the year 1320, has lately been printed privately, from the well-known *Auchinleck Manuscript*,* and is calculated to excite considerable surprise by the force and vividness with which it is written. The language, unfortunately, is so obsolete as to be nearly unintelligible, as may appear satisfactorily enough from the following stanza, which is all we mean to trouble the reader with—one forming part of the first taunting address of the Soul to the Body, and decidedly the plainest stanza in the whole poem:—

Where be thine castels and thine tours,
Thine chambers and thine heigh halle,
That paynted were with prout flours,
And thine riche robes alle;
Thine quiltes, and thine countours,
Thi cendel and thi purpel palle?
Wreche! ful derke it is the bour,
To morn thou schalt therin fall!

A young friend of ours, struck by what he calls "this singular and very powerful conception of the ancient muse," has employed his very promising abilities in transforming it into a modern English poem, in the more solemn stanza of Spenser. The latter composition opens thus:—

Once as I lay upon a winter night,
And chid the laggard coming of the day,
Before my eyes there came a dismal sight,
That settled there, and would not pass away:
All on a bier a clay-cold Body lay;
A Knight's it was, who, in the o'erblown pride
Of youth and lusted, not cared to pay
God's service, but his gracious hests defied;
And now the parting Soul stood by the Body's side.
But, ere it parted on its flight, it turn'd
Back to the Body, as 'twere loth to leave
The home wherein it whilom had sojourn'd,
But to its haunt familiar fain would cleave
And, looking sadly on it, seem'd to grieve,
And thus it said—"Alas, and well-a-wo!
What could thee now of all thy sense bereave,
Thou fickle flesh—why liest thou rotting so,
That erst so high of heart and bearing wont to go?
"Thou, that wert ever wont on prancing steed
To ride abroad, by country or by town;
Thou, that wert known for many a shining deed
Of high emprise—a knight of fair renown:
How are thy swelling honours stricken down,
Thy heart of lion-daring lowly bow'd!
Where now is thy imperious voice, thy frown
Of withering hate? Thou, that wert once so proud,
What dost thou lying here, wrapt in a vulgar shroud?
"Where is thy arras stiffening with gold,
Thy couches all with gorgeous hangings strew'd,
Thy ambling jennets, and thy destrier bold,
Thy hawks and hounds, that came to thee for food?
Where now the troops of friends, that round thee stood?
Where thy swollen treasure-heaps, thy jewels worn
About the proud brows of thine altitude?
Ah! thou, whose bamer once, in field upborne,
Shook terror, now liest low, of all thy lustre shorn!
"Where are thy cooks, whose curious skill did whet
Thy glutton lust, made thy lewd flesh to swell,
That now with worms in rotteness must fret,
While I must bide the bitter pangs of hell?
Thy towers that look so fair o'er wood and dell,
Thy chambers with sweet flowers all garlanded,
Thy vestments rare of pall and purple—tell,
What shall they all thy wretched corse bestend,
That in the dull dark grave to-morrow shall be laid?

* A collection of ancient poetry, written on vellum, which was deposited in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in 1744, by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, father of the biographer of Johnson.

"Where be thy gleemen, that did crown thy cheer
With minstrel song and merry jargonings?
Of viol, tabor, and the trumpet clear,
Whilst to them aye rich largess thou wouldst fling,
Of robes or the red gold, and bid them sing
Thy praises wide by cottage, bower, or hall?
Thou, who broughtst ever wail and sorrowing
On poor men's hearths, that cursed thy tyrant thrall,
Who is there at this hour to sorrow o'er thy fall?"

"The morsel won by the o'er-toiled brow
Of poverty thou took'st to feed the state
Of revellers, that fatten'd were on.
The rich were ever welcome at thy gate,
But blows and spurs did still the poor await.
Wretch, who now thanks or blesses thee? Ere morn,
From the high palace where thou ruledst late,
From wealth, and rank, and kin, thou shalt be borne,
To make thy bed with worms, in loathsome pit forlorn."

"Thou, for whose wild ambition's sateless grasp
The world's dominion seem'd scarce too wide,
A few poor feet of earth shall soon enclasp
Thy wretched limbs, and to thee nought beside
Of all thou'st won so dearly shall abide.
There others now shall play the ruler's part.
All's lost to thee, that erewhile was thy pride;
Gone is all vaunting joyance from thy heart:
Oh! I could weep to see how fallen and poor thou art!"

"A joyful day to thy false heir is this,
This day to us so woful and drear;
He would not yield one rood of thine, I wis,
To bring us out of hale to blissful cheer.
No more shall weep for thee thy wedded fere—
Her eye courts a new mate; nor may she sleep
This night for thinking him her side anear.
Soon shall that new lord to her bosom creep,
To revel there, when thou in clay art buried deep."

"Now may thy neighbours live secure from ill,
And all the wrongs thy vengeful malice wrought:
Hunted were those that stoop'd not to thy will,
Till they to meagre penury were brought.
The thousand curses on thy head besought
By day and night shall cling thee now!" With this
Down fell the Soul, and cried, as sore distraught,
"Woe me! that I, who ne'er did aught amiss,
Should be for thy foul deeds for aye thrust out from bliss!"

The Body makes answer in its defence, representing that it was only the slave of the Soul, and led by it into all its misdeeds; and a long disputation takes place, in which, we must own, it is difficult to say that there is much reason on either side, though assuredly there is considerable poetry. At length, a terrific Don-Juan-like scene concludes the poem, the Soul being committed to the place of intermediate torment, with a parting announcement that, ultimately, after the day of judgment, the Body should be sent to share the same fate.

There is an Italian poem by Andrea de Basso, an ecclesiastic of Ferrara, in which a still more startling sermon is read from the horrors of mortality. It was introduced some years ago to the English public by Mr Hunt, in his *Indicator*, along with a translation effected with the usual felicity of the author of *Rimini*—that felicity which makes it so much to be regretted that Mr Hunt has not devoted himself more to a kind of literary service, of which no country stands in greater need than ours. De Basso's poem is an address to the dead body of a Ferrarese lady, remarkable for her personal attractions and coquetry, and is animated by a vehemence of reproach, and an absence of all piteous consideration, which the reader will be surprised to learn was not at all occasioned by any known guilt of the individual, but took its rise solely in the eagerness of the preacher to transfix the giddy hearts of the living. We take leave to transfer this poem nearly entire to our more widely diffused columns, not because we think there is any great moral value in preachings of this kind, but from an admiration of the poetical power which is displayed in the composition:

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
Give up thy body, woman without heart,
Now that thy worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food:
And from thine altitude
Pierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within a pit.
Night, endless night, hath got thee
To clutch and to engulf thee;
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black,
That mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of woosers
Will now become pursuers;
And if where they make way,
Thou'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright.
Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
As the least pain to thy bold-facedness,
There let thy foul distress
Turn round upon thy soul,
And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
That wast so headstrong proud,

This, this is the reward,
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn,
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once, like sea on shore?
'Tis clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes,
That were like twins of the skies?
Alas, two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay.
Where is the lip, that shone
Like painting newly done?
Where the round cheek? and where
The sunny locks of hair?
And where the symmetry that bore them all?
Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over?
The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair?
Nor have that conquering air?
Nor be supplied with love?
Lo! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame:
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence?
Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast
vain in?

Love?—Heav'n should be implored for something else,
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.

Love?—'Tis a fiery dole;
A punishment like hell's.
Yet thou, puff'd with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower
That warns us in the psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount:
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings,
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Egypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
"Help, father, or I die:
See—see—he knows his prey
Ev'n he, the dragon old!
Oh, be thou a strong hold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free,
But am so bound in ill,
That, struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last;
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word?
Hast thou then ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted!
Rare is the sleeping face,
That wakes not as it was.
Thou should'st have earned high heaven,
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones serene
As odorous and as fair,
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down, and enter
The horrors of the centre.
Then fly again, with news of terrible fate
To those who think they may repent them late.

In a collection of pictures exhibited some years ago in Edinburgh, there was one which we cannot help tracing to the same half-sermonising half-poetical spirit to which we attribute these literary compositions. It bore a date near the beginning of the seventeenth century—a time when mortality was more than usually in vogue, as a theme for moralising. It consisted in reality of four pictures, though only two pieces of canvass, and the whole was arranged upon hinges within a case. In a certain arrangement, the spectator beheld bust portraits of an elegantly dressed and good-looking young couple, lady and gentleman, the size of life. When these pictures were turned, the spectator beheld, on the obverse, representations of the heads of the respective parties, taken several years after death—a spectacle, it may well be imagined, of the most frightful kind, and yet invested with such an interest, and so exquisitely well painted, that the eye became rivetted upon it. The flesh in both instances was nearly dissolved, leaving only certain skinny integuments and a few tufts of hair, which rendered the grinning bones beneath the more hideous. A few small reptiles, of unfamiliar but disgusting form, crawled here and there over the nearly obliterated features; but the artist had displayed some tact in rendering these only visible on a close inspection. The heads were placed on rich crimson velvet cushions, on tables richly covered, amidst the splendours of a lordly mansion; and around each were strewn things which had belonged to the parties—the jewels of the lady, the poniard, purse, and dice-box of the gentleman. There was in this much art, for such trifles relieved the pure horrors of the principal objects, and affectingly recalled

the idea of the living human beings who had once been able to enjoy them. There was a story connected with these portraits, to the effect that they had been painted in compliance with the request of the pair represented, a wedded couple who died soon after their union, and who wished to be thus strangely commemorated. But we think it much more likely that they were simply an emanation of that taste for moralising on mortal things of which we have spoken.

Upon this taste Mr Hunt makes some remarks which appear to us philosophical. "The reasoning," he says, "of such appeals, is absurd in itself. They call upon us to join life and death together; to think of what we are not, with the feelings of what we are; to be very different, and yet to be the same. Hypochondria may do this; a melancholy imagination, or a strong imagination of any sort, may do it for a time; but it will never be done generally, and nature never intended it should. A decaying dead body is no more the real human being, than a watch, stopped and mutilated, is a time-piece, or cold water warm, or a numb finger in the same state of sensation as the one next it, or any one modification of being the same as another. We may pitch ourselves by imagination into this state of being; but it is ourselves, modified by our present totalities and sensation, that we do pitch there. What we may be otherwise, is another thing. The melancholy imagination may give it melancholy fancies; the livelier one may, if it pleases, suppose it a state of exquisite dissolution. The philosopher sees in it nothing but a contradiction to the life by which we judge of it, and a dissolution of the compounds which held us together. The way that Andrea de Basso should have set about reforming the grosser Ferrarese beauties, would have been to show them that their enjoyments were hurtful in proportion as they were extravagant; and less than they might be, in proportion as they were in bad taste. But to ask the healthy to be hypochondriacal, the beautiful to think gratuitously of ugliness, is what never could, and never ought to have, a lasting effect on humanity."

GOOD AND BAD MEMORIES,

A SPECIMEN OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.

THE following anecdotic passages occur in an essay on Memory, which appears in a volume styled "Literary Leaves, or Prose and Verse, by D. L. Richardson," published at Calcutta in 1836, and which affords a favourable specimen of Anglo-Indian literature.

"People remember only those things in which they take an interest. The trader remembers the state of the market, the poet the state of literature. Let them exchange the subject of their attention, and they will both complain of a want of memory. Sir Walter Scott is said to have possessed extraordinary powers of retention; but what were the things that he most easily retained?—specimens of his own favourite art. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, gives a curious proof of Scott's retentiveness. I take the following from the shepherd's 'Familiar Anecdotes.' 'He, and Skene of Rubislaw, and I, were out one night about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, about the end of January, not long after the opening of the river for fishing, which was then on the tenth, and Scott having a great range of the river himself, we went up to the side of the Rough-haugh of Elibank; but when we came to kindle our light, behold our peat was gone out. This was a terrible disappointment, but to think of giving up our sport was out of the question, so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

The night was mild, calm, and as dark as pitch; and while Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on the brink of the river, on a little green sward which I never shall forget, and Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of 'Gilman's-cleuch.' Now, be it remembered that this ballad had never been printed; I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it, and could not get on with another verse, on which he began it again, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of the Firth of Forth, and, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's (The Abbot of Aberbrothock), both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word."

Scaliger tells us that in his youth he could repeat one hundred verses after having once read them. It is said that Dr Leyden had so strong a memory that he could repeat correctly a long act of parliament, or any similar document, after a single perusal. There is an anecdote of an English gentleman, whom the king of Prussia placed behind a screen, when Voltaire came to read him a new poem of considerable length. The gentleman afterwards perplexed the poet by asserting that the poem was his, and repeated it word for word as a proof of the truth of his assertion. Locke, in his description of memory (which description, as Campbell justly observes, is 'absolutely poetical'), mentions that it is recorded of 'that prodigy of

parts, Monsieur Pascal, that till the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought, in any part of his rational age." Spence records the observation of Pope, that Bolingbroke had so great a memory, that, if he was alone and without books, he could refer to a particular subject in them, and write as fully on it, as another man would with all his books about him. Woodfall's extraordinary power of reporting the debates in the House of Commons, without the aid of written memoranda, is well known. During a debate he used to close his eyes and lean with both hands upon his stick, resolutely excluding all extraneous associations. The accuracy and precision of his reports brought his newspaper into great repute. He would retain a full recollection of a particular debate a fortnight after it had occurred, and during the intervention of other debates. He used to say that it was put by in a corner of his mind for future reference.

It seems sometimes more easy to exert the memory than to suppress it. "We may remember," says Felton, "what we are intent upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly forget what we would. Nor is there any Etna in the soul of man but what the memory makes."

Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

Mere abstraction, or what is called absence of mind, is often attributed very unphilosophically to a want of memory. There is a story told of a man of learning, that being deeply occupied in his study, his servant rushed in and informed him that the house was on fire. "Go and tell my wife," said the scholar; "such matters do not concern me." I believe it was La Fontaine who in a dreaming mood forgot his own child, and after warmly commending him, observed how proud he should be to have such a son. In this kind of abstraction external things are either only dimly seen or are utterly overlooked; but the memory is not necessarily asleep. Its too intense activity is frequently the cause of the abstraction. This faculty is usually the strongest when the other faculties are in their prime, and fades in old age, when there is a general decay of mind and body. Old men, indeed, are proverbially narrative, and from this circumstance it sometimes appears as if the memory preserves a certain portion of its early acquisitions to the last, though in the general failure of the intellect it loses its active energy. It receives no new impressions, but old ones are confirmed. The brain seems to grow harder. Old images become fixtures.

Mnemonics, or the art of memory, was studied by some of the ancients, and an attempt has lately been made to revive it. Mr Feinaigle, a German, gave instruction in this art in Paris in 1807, and as a reply to hostile critics, he exhibited the progress of fifteen of his pupils. After they had been tried in various ways, one of the pupils desired the company to give him "one thousand words without any connection whatsoever and without numerical order; for instance, the word *astronomer*, for No. 62; *wood*, for No. 188; *lovely*, for No. 370; *dynasty*, for No. 23; *David*, for No. 90; &c. &c., till all the numbers were filled; and he repeated the whole (though he heard these words without order and but once) in the numerical order; or he told what word was given against any one number, or what number any one word bore." But a system of arbitrary association or artificial memory, though it may serve to prove how much a particular faculty is capable of improvement, is more plausible than useful, for to cultivate any one power of the mind to such an extreme degree, is to destroy the balance of the intellectual powers. To be the brilliant pupil of a Feinaigle, a man must give up every other object, and improve one of his faculties at the expense of all the rest. It is more a trick than an art. Fuller advises us not to overburden the memory, and not to make so faithful a servant a slave. "Remember," says he, "that Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory is like a purse: if it be ever full that it cannot shut, all will drop out." The same writer makes a ludicrous observation, that "Philosophers place memory in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because, there men naturally dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss." People as often strike the forehead under the same circumstances.

If men were to cultivate their memory with the same assiduity with which they sometimes cultivate their reason, they would soon find that it would keep pace with the advance of the other qualities of the mind. Few people have given it a fair trial, and still fewer know the extent to which it may be invigorated and improved. William Hutton divided a blank book into three hundred and sixty-five columns, and resolved, as an experiment, to recollect, if possible, an anecdote of his past life, to fill up each division. He was astonished at the success of his plan, and contrived to fill up three hundred and fifty-five columns with his different reminiscences. What a delightful treasure are such recovered relics of the past!

A supposed want of memory is often nothing more than a want of method. Desultory readers and thinkers generally complain of imperfect memories. The reason is, that their thoughts are in a state of chaos. Thus Montaigne, who was irregular and capricious in his studies, though his memory was probably naturally a good one, was perplexed with vague and confused remembrances. Those who run from one subject to another of the most opposite and uncon-

genial kinds, receive of course but very imperfect and transitory impressions. Southey, though an imaginative writer, does not complain of want of memory, because he is singularly regular and methodical in his studies. Coleridge may have done so, because his thoughts were dream-like and indistinct, but he no doubt recollected the wildest visions and most romantic tales with greater strength and facility than the generality of mankind, though he could not perhaps have carried a domestic pecuniary account in his head from one street to another. When a man finds that he forgets those things in which he takes a deep interest, and which other persons who take less interest in them remember, he may then, but not till then, complain of want of memory. But as no man can remember all things, he must be satisfied to confine the exertions of his memory within a chosen range, and to retain only those things which are the dearest to his heart, and the most congenial to his mind."

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

[BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.]

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light,
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

Slow thou depart'st away—far from the realms of day,
Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming—thy farewell tint gleaming,
Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness—yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,
Thou kindest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder—there dost thou wander,
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,
Kissing the stars at morn—high in the air upborne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Grandeur and glory—they travel before thee;
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
When thou awak'st from the ocean again.

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;
Africa's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee—age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy way;
Strength and sublimity—still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Sun of the firmament!—planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light,
Down on thy throne of night, hail setting sun!

—Glasgow University Album.

CONFESSION ON A TEN-DOLLAR NOTE.

THE following lines (says the editor of an American newspaper) were written on the back of a ten-dollar note which lately came into our possession:—

"This is the last of thirty thousand dollars left me by my father. I have been seduced by a passion for gaming, but now, having lost all my friends by my indiscretion, and this being the last money I have, I shall let this go for brandy and oysters; for I believe the curse of God was on the possession obtained from my father."

In this confession we have a very remarkable example of the foolish mode of reasoning pursued among badly-behaved persons. First, they allow their own vile passions to hurry them into the commission of error, and then, when ruin attends their career, they ascribe their lost condition to the "curse of God," or what they very commonly term "their fate." This is truly a very convenient way of apologising for crimes and indiscretions. We have nothing else to do than ruin ourselves, in order to gratify some vicious desire, and then lay the whole blame on "fate." How strange it seems, that one should hear such reasoning from the mouths of persons pretending to have common sense, or who consider themselves in any respect accountable beings. But nothing is more common. The great bulk of the lower classes of people in this country, the females especially, are as complete fatalists as the Turks. There is not a poor outcast female who does not confidently believe that her degradation has been entirely a matter of fate, not choice—"it was to be," she says, and that is enough. So long as education remains on its present imperfect footing, and no pains are taken to point out to youth the connection betwixt cause and effect, all such absurd fancies will of course continue to luxuriate.

NEGRO SHREWDNESS.

A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask what news at sea?—that's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says, he don't know; he no been dere dese three weeks!"

INQUISITOR OUTWITTED.

The late Admiral Pye having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided having observed an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral said their intimacy arose from a circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate. The admiral said, when he was a captain, and cruising in the Mediterranean, he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy writer was by birth an Englishman; that, having been a voyage to Spain, he was enticed while there to become a Papist, and in process of time was made a member of the inquisition; that there he witnessed the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel, and so repugnant to the nature of God; that he was stung with remorse to think if his parents knew what and where he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape, if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place, but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he would be immediately assassinated. The captain returned for answer, that he could not with propriety send a boat, but if he could devise any means of coming on board, he would receive him as a British subject, and protect him. He did so, but being missed, there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his holiness the Pope, claimed him; but the captain did not know him, or any other master, but his own sovereign King George. At length a third holy brother approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and in terror ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in all the inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present, and to obtain his object, began with bitter accusations against him; then he attempted to flatter the captain, and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain said his offer was very handsome, and if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name, or of his protection. The holy brother was elated. He thought his errand was done. While drawing his purse-strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted on him. He replied, that, as his offences were great, it was likely his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied, that must be determined by the holy inquisition, but it was not improbable. The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling, uncertain whether he was to fall a victim to avarice or superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and fry him alive in the copper." This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh, good captain, good captain, spare, spare me, my good captain." "Have him away," said the captain. "Oh, no, my good captain." "Have him away; I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a British commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell upon his knees, and offered the captain all his money, promising never to return if he would let him go. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. The young man, thus happily delivered, fell upon his knees before the captain, and wished a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer. "This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I then took him to be my servant: he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued; and it has invariably subsisted and increased to this day.—Buck's Anecdotes.

RUSTIC WIT.

As two would-be wits were pushing along in their gig to Brighton, one Sunday morning, they overtook a clod-pate blowing his fingers, which were benumbed by the cold. "Well, John," said one, "have you met a swarm of bees on the road this morning?" "Why, no," replies John, "but I saw two confounded great drones, though."

RECIPE FOR LOWNESS OF SPIRITS.

Take one ounce of the Seeds of Resolution, properly mixed with the Oil of Good Conscience; infuse into it a large spoonful of the Salts of Patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called Others' Woes, which you will find in every part of the Garden of Life, growing under the broad leaves of Disguise; add a small quantity; it will much assist the Salts of Patience in their operation. Gather a handful of the Blossoms of Hope; then sweeten them properly with a syrup made of the Balm of Providence; and if you can get any of the Seed of True Friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful that you get the Seed of True Friendship, as there is a seed that very much resembles it, called Self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients up into pills, which may be called Pills of Comfort: take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be completed.

AFRICAN RINGS.

Dollars are in great request among the old kings and chiefs of the interior of Africa, who use them as rings for the fingers. They first drill two holes about the centre, into which they insert a circular piece of lead for the finger, the surface of the dollar being on the upper part of the hand, like a seal.—*Laurel and Oldfield's Narrative.*

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